CAPTAIN KID'S MILLIONS

By ALAN OSCAR.

CHAPTER XIII. Presently the remorse of Polperro's death left me, and I began to curse his thought cast me down. "The earthquake memory in that his devilish spite had made | wave hath washed his body to the sharks!" it impossible I should ever find this treasure, which, now, I knew, lay somewhere It was empty. My musket lay there, also

That evening, as the sun declined, he sank a dull, misty spectacle into the ocean, I heard what seemed to be the distant rumble of thunder. This was strange, as till region, where the "trade winds" blow. Then I noticed that the sea birds appeared unquiet, whirling and screaming in midair. And withal the night seemed to close in upon me and wrap me round with a dark sailed into the distance and were lost to haze. I thought a storm must be approaching, and looked for further sings, but none came.

that I cried aloud, came a terrible roaring | God even in my thanks. as of thunder, and the solid ground heaved

beneath me. In terror I rushed out into the open, stagrer, calling for mercy upon God, for it was | could scarcely hope for another ship.

an earthquake. The shock lasted for a space whilst one could count ten; then it seemed to sweep past, and I heard the sound of it echoing among the wild peaks in the center of the

I thought it had passed, and, in a light of the rising moon, steadied my affrighted it went tearing back, and after a few heav- | never-ceasing roar of the breakers. ing pulsations settled to its old mark.

This terrible example of the Almighty power shook my nerve, so that long after all was over I still trembled. It seemed as though the voices of heaven cried out upon

All was now returned to its former peace; indeed, the wind having dropped to a calm, required." the night was more still than usual. The by one went out, leaving only the greater flashed beneath her from the far horizon to the very shore of my island, where it glorified the rolling breakers, which day | itent. and night never ceased in their rumbling moan. All else was still.

"Alone with God and the dead!" thought I, and again my terrors laid hold upon me In sudden despair I sprang to my feet. I felt that I must be at some work, or madness would seize me.

Aimlessly I wandered down to the sandy marks for finding the treasure. The Pan de Azucar rose up darkly in the night, one side ghostly in the moonbeams, the other side a black shadow; it seemed to mock me as it hung above me.

There I halted, and thought of the riches beneath my feet, and as I thus stood my thoughts escaped from my hold and went wandering and whirling over the world, I

know not whither. Presently, upon steadfastly considering. noticed that the sand was wet beneath my feet. The earthquake wave had passed over where I stood. Then, looking more carefully, I saw that every mark which I had so carefully placed, and which Polperro had with such spite removed, was gone.

The treasure was now securely hid from human eyes forever. I was gazing earnestly upon a stone beneath my feet. It was flat, and of some

"Ah!" cried I in blind wonder. "Can this be so? Truly a strange mark." Then I fell alaughing, being unable to re-

strain myself. The great wave which had destroyed my marks had washed the sand from this stone

which, else, I had never found. Chance if you will so call it, had delivered unto me that which I so sought. Upon the stone was graven a cross, and

have before referred. I was not mistaken, for it was one of their secret signs whichso saith the vulgar-cannot be divulged. Here, then, do I disprove this. It is like to the shank, stock and ring of an anchor, being a line, a cross line and a circle, all joining. 'Tis found upon the ancient monuments of Egypt, but none, not even Masons, understand its meaning, for the Egyptian language, as all know, is lost to the I bent and examined the stone. Only a

part of it was showing above the sand, and on scraping round it, I found it to be o some size, so that, though I flew back for my spade and attacked it with fury. It cost me an hour's labor to move it from its

But, having moved it, my search was over. Beneath lay an iron bound casket. And now that I had found it, all my

"'Tis doubtless full of gems," I said aloud. "It shall work no more evil. As for John Darton, should he ever read the eipher, it shall avail him nothing." For, ir that moment I had made up my mind what I would do, which was to bury it elsewhere, and leave no mark, so that none should

ever find it. At last curiosity conquered. I burst its rusty hinges with a stone, and opened it. Truly the riches of the world lay before me! And were of no more value to me than the sand surrounding them. 'Twas plain to see that it was plunder from the altars of Spanish churches. Pyx, monstrance, and jeweled cup lay there, with locse stones of untold value; and, opening a little golden box, I found two diamonds of such a size as none ever heard of. Scarcely knowing what I did, I slipped one of these into my pocket. Then, shutting the lid again, I raised the chest from its bed with some difficulty, and at much labor dragged it to my sleeping place. Then,

Next day I hid the casket in a certain place, which, by a most strange chance, I had discovered some time before, and which could only be reached at certain times. Here I bestowed this treasure, having once more gazed upon it, and picked out a golden afeared to say in truth who I was. ring set with a blue stone, which took my fancy. Then I marked the position secretly upon a chart which I had long since made of the island, and I am certain that no man can find the secret thereof.

being worn out with my toil, I fell asleep,

and woke not till the sun was well up in

Thus hath this cursed treasure, stolen | ready torn my feet badly in getting aboard. from God, been thrice buried; having and which ringed the whole coast, they put caused the deaths of many people, and about and pulled for their ship. Here they never prospered the finders thereof. May it clothed me, and put me in the starboard now lie hidden till the great day of judg- watch.

ment, say I, William Kid! And, so, enough of these cursed riches. I bethought me, "Son of the devil though it cunningly in my frock, and the Bible I be, it is not decent that I leave the body | few cared to look at, but for all that I kept | said he. of mine enemy to the birds," and I went to it bestowed in a safe place.

bury it withal,

It was gone!

Then thought I. "I cannot have killed him," and thanked God. But then another I scaled the cliffs and went to his den.

his sea chest, but he was gone. I came out again and looked around, and took upon him a dull red cast, such as I as I turned my eyes toward the north I had not before noticed, and nearly at the saw, beyond that extremelty of the island, very moment of sunset, as the great orb and not a mile distant, a ship, even now making sail and steering to the westward. In mad haste I ran, stumbling, with what speed I might, over the rocky ground townow our weather had been of the finest, and the bluff point which ran out there, as always obtaineth in the South Atlantic | near to which rose the Pillar Rock. As I ran I waved my arms, shouting and scream-

I might as well have cried to England. They were far out of earshot and soon had | March, 1701.

Truly I was now alone in my kingdom gering like a drunken man, and, in my ter- this world, lost to me forever. For I in her eyes worthy of pity, for of my And yet in the midst of my misery I was

glad to think I had not killed Polperro. God is merciful even to those who deny

landed; for I was secure; none but the Almighty was with me; mine enemy was senses and looked around. At that moment | my kind. And I, with my burden of sin, eager to hide all my riches in mine island. I heard, as it were, the blast of a rushing, and surely a man who might fear divine mighty wind, and, looking toward the sea, | wrath, lay me down in peace, fearful for saw in wonder and astonishment that it | nothing. I woke before dawn, with a great was driven back and rose a fearful wall of sense of relief upon me. Going forth I stood foam some half mile out, leaving its bed all and looked out upon the night. The isle bare. I had scarce time to notice this when was black beneath me, for the moon was I had never greatly considered it; since with a terrible roaring, it returned. Leap- just setting. Where she touched the hori- then I had not once drawn it from its nest; ing past its boundaries it burst upon the | zon was a path of glittering glory on the land till it had surged up some hundred sea beneath her; elsewhere all was darkyards beyond tidemark. Then, as suddenly, ness. There was not a sound save the such things are greatly sought after. I was on it.

Then a terrible voice seemed to ring out of heaven: "To thy knees, O sinner!" And I obeyed.

me for the deed I had committed. At last I | myself home, and my arms around her I became calm, and, wandering forth toward loved. We were to be married next day, the beach, chose me a stone, and sat look. Such happiness! Was it possible that such thought, "No; payment for my sins will be

As I knelt I was aware that dawn apshadows of darkness I said: "God is merlights. Upon the sea a glittering pathway | Yet as I said it I knew that I was but

Nevertheless, I rose from my knees a pen-

Thus, while I had dug for riches I missed my chance of release.

CHAPTER XIV.

From this night I was a changed man. I forsook the devil, my chosen master, so far that I prayed for deliverance to the Almighty. I fashioned a pocket in my coat, and carried therein the Bible which I have plain where I had so carefully placed my before mentioned. I also kept in the same pocket the stone which I had taken from the treasure, and which I judged to be one of the great diamonds mentioned in "James Kid; His History," as the eyes of a certain figure of the Virgin. This I would at times crimes. 'Tis one of Satan his baits when he goeth fishing for the souls of men: he hath three-fame, gold and woman; and when he casteth the third, who shall re-

In these days of solitude I made a very careful chart of my kingdom on the foundation of the one I had already drawn, the which I do not believe to be fairly accurate. Upon this I placed certain signs, hid in a Latin inscription, that-could they be read-show where the rest of the treasure lieth. Such is the contrariety of man! I had said, "This treasure shall remain hid till judgment day," and here I was making a secret guide to it. This chart lay ever in the leaves of my Bible, where also was my history, so far as I had writ.

Now I had given up all hope of rescue from my solitude, and death seemed far away. Owing to my own stock of clothes and those left behind by Polperro I was still well clad; the climate of the island was fairly temperate, for the trade wind seldom ceased, and I could easily obtain food, Means for obtaining fire I had none, and, though I tried the Indian method, it always failed me, so I devoured my eggs raw, and, having split my fish, I let them dry in the sun, they being thus more palatable. Salt was easily procured by letting the sea water evaporate in pans fashioned above high-

Had it not been for my Bible and the book of navigation before mentioned I had doubt-

Then, presently, God took pity upon me, and instilled into my heart a belief that I should soon be rescued.

Which came to pass. For, fifteen months after Jan Polperro had escaped, His Majesty's sloop Lion released me. They had hauled in with the land to see if they could come by any water, their butts running dry. It was in the early morning when, as was my wont, I had gone down to the beach to fish, that all suddenly, like a glorious picture, she came sailing round the point, and in a moment I was back to the world from a lifelong prison; for there, but a musket shot away, was the brave ship plunging through the flashing water, the light sails a-clewing up, the ensign and whip displayed, the fellows running nimbly about the decks, and the officers shouting to them; while a boat which they dropped even as I first saw her came rowing almost directly toward me with an officer in the

But as it happened, the trade wind had been blowing for a week past, and there was no safe landing, so that outside the breakers they held water and hailed me. I directed them further to the northward. running with them as they rowed, and presently coming to a place where the rollers were not so heavy I dashed in, and, clearing the surf, swam toward them.

They hauled me aboard with scarcely a breath in my body.

"Now, sirrah!" cried the officer, "who art And I answered that my name was Tresham, and that I had been wrecked in a Boston bark two years before, for I was "Her name?" he asked.

"The Mary Rose," said I. Then having learnt that I was the only living soul there, and that landing was dangerous because of the coral which had al-

And thus I left my prison with nothing When I had made an end of this business | The stone I was afeared to show and sewed

search for the carcass of Jan Polperro, to Now, the ship was bound to our planta- diamond to sell." tions, and seeing that I had given myself

me off the mouth of the James river, to a | whisper, as I made as if to draw it from my small hooker bound to that port, where I | pocket. at last landed, and found a charitable soul who gave me work and house room till 1 could find a ship for England.

CHAPTER XV. I had not been two days among the seamen in Boston ere I heard a rumor which greatly scared me and I gave thanks that I sailed under a false name. This was to the purport that I myself was being sought for. I began to wonder whether any one aboard the Lion had recognized me and could see no other way in which the search for me could have come about.

This determined me to ship as soon as possible, no matter what the craft or whither bound, and thus it was but a few days ere I was sailing down Boston harbor aboard a Dutch galias, the Pieter Cloete, bound for Rotterdam.

Being arrived at that point in due season, I took ship for England in a schuyt bound for the Yarmouth fishery, and so at last landed on my native shore in the month of

I was so disguised, in that I now wore my own hair as the common seamen do, and Then said I: "They have taken Polperro | had grown a great beard, that I had no fear off." and I once more thanked God I had of recognition, and so, under my new name Presently I heard again the faint, rum- not killed him. Son of evil though I might of Tresham, I tramped southward, intendbling sound. Then, with such suddenness be: I found I could not get away from ing to wend my way toward Brixmouth, maid or wife. If wife, I dared swear she with my treasure-a kingdom of barren should be widow, so thirsty was I for John rock. And Cicely, my one hope of joy in Darton his blood. As for me, I should be crimes she would know nothing. And thinks I, "If she be still a maid, and will still re-

But the last of my wages gained by my That night I slept as never before since I Dutch voyage were now spent, and I feared | brother and let him see it. Wait here, I to show myself in Brixmouth with my sea rags and no weapon but my sailor's gully gone, and I was alone and separated from and I began to wish I had not been so Then thought I, "The great diamond!" and now being in a desolate country lane I drew it out of its hiding place and looked at it, for." And, going to the door, he cried in feeling that the ring lay there safely also. Now, whilst a prisoner in that deserted isle, membered that I was in a country where seen. It was the bigth of a great bean, and -as I guessed-fully an inch in length. Such a gem, could I sell it, was worth thousands of pounds English. The possessor of this one stone only. I was rich!

Then I thought, "Thou art poor and in rags. If it be true that the hue and cry is out after thee, thou art little better than a dead man. But turn this stone into money, and thou couldst ravish thy lady aboard ship and bear her to some foreign land,

where leve and security would be thine." I replaced my jewel in its nest and turned my steps for London. I knew of a Jew living in Bevis Marks, off Hound's Ditch, within the Hebrew ghetto of London town, who I thought, was to be trusted in these matters, having dealings with a house in Amsterdam, where is the chief market for diamonds. I was purposed to trade with

And so, early one spring morning, coming in by the Cambridge road, I got sight of the outskirts of the great city from the fields about Mile End, where the Trinity brthren have lately built their new almshouses, and so turning westward past St. Olave's Church, I soon gained the Jews' quarter, where the smell of fried fish told me that I was hungry.

Having broken my fast with a mess of fish and draught of charneco, for I was not yet for ale after so long an absence. I proceeded toward my old Jew's den. But on the road I stopped at an armorer's in Bishopsgate, thinking I must have a wear on. Then I thought upon my ring, and, retiring up a passage, extracted it from my frock; then, entering, I cried;

one for this bauble." The old fellow looked gravely at me; he was a bent and aged man, with eyes sunk deep under heavy white brows.

"Master, I want a sword. Let me have

"A sailor?" he asked, taking up the ring. "Ay," said I; "just landed from Amer-"Not one of Kid's desperadoes?" said he Thinks I: "What knows you of 'Kid?" "No, no," I answered, hastily, "I am an

honest fellow, but have landed with naught, being a poor shipwrecked marinero." "Hum," saith he, "where got you this?" and he held up the ring. "'Twas given me at Montevideo." said I. "Dost know its value?" he asked.

And I, not willing to commit myself either way, answered: "Yes, 'tis of some value; but give me a good weapon for it and keep it in pawn. I will redeem it, and eke you pay for the sword in a day or

"'Tis come by fairly?" says he. "Yes," I replied; "fair and square, on the ath of an honest seaman," I replied. He laughed. "You know well," he said, "that this ring is of the value of many swords. Never saw I such a noble sapphire, and it is a stone next in value to

the diamond." "Then let me choose a sword for it," quoth I.

Still he hung in the wind, neither "yea" nor "nay." And 'twas half an hour ere I persuaded him, and then much against his will. But I was determined to have a weapon, and in the end prevailed-and well for me I did, as will appear.

But now that he had in very deed begun to trade, avarice took hold of him. "I like not these bargains," said he "Thou are badly in want of clothes, being thus cast naked on shore. I have a fair holiday sult upstairs which did belong to my son. Take it with the sword, and cry

With that he ran out and returned with a good suit of brown cloth, braided with black. And I, thinking "my old Jew will drive a hard trade with a ragged customer," decided to take his offer.

"Throw me in a pound of money, and 'tis a bargain," cried I. And presently we came to these terms, so that now I should appear before the old

dealer in precious stones to better advan-Having rigged myself out in my new clothes. I at once repaired to my old Jew spider, who was, as I had last seen him five years before, still sitting in the dark corner of his web, awaiting flies-all his tonishment my pursurers were not yet in

I entered sans ceremony and plumped me down in a seat facing him. "Well, Master Elkanah ben Joel," said I.

"Dost remember me?" great beard, turning from black to white, forgets your name. Was it Bill Avery?" "No!" said I sharply, angered that he

should at once discern my profession. "My "Tresham! Father Abraham!" he cried. he muttered. "It could not be-no, no! Well, Master Tresham, and how can I

"Do you still deal in gems?" I asked. "Vy, my son, dat is always my business," "Then," said I, "I have got a very great

diamond to sell."

At my voice she turned.

"A great von!" cried he. "Let me see it.

I ran toward her. "Madame," said I, "I general thing, steadier and more faithful.

Nun-nun-no; not here!" he continued in a province of the continued in a provinc out to be a Boston man, they transferred Nun-nun-no; not here!" he continued in a pray--

He rose, and, pulling back a heavy curtain, disclosed an open doorway, toward which he beckoned me. "You go first," said I, and followed the eyes of Love!

It was a little back room, but far more light than his front shop. The window was high up and out of reach, but having, apparently, no building outside to obstruct its light, illumined the whole room; and the sun, which was just reaching it, threw one bright narrow shaft of light upon the dirty wall. Beneath the window was a table, upon which was a delicate balance and er's tongue. And now! Ah me! The some heavily bound volumes. The old Jew drew up two chairs and whispered:

'Re seated. Then he pulled close the curtain over the doorway by which we had entered and cried | to tell, and, though God forbid that any eye in his cracked voice:

"Cushai, see to the shop." and a patter of steps. Then silence. "Now, sir," said Elkanah.

CHAPTER XVI. "Father Abraham!" cried the Jew, as 1 placed the diamond upon the table. Then he tried to dissemble his astonishment, but it was too late.

"Yaw," he said. "A nice stone, but uncut. and know if Cicely still lived, whether as Not vorth so much. I give you fifty "A truce to thy fooling, Elkanah!" cried I, 'Fifty devils! Well, I must even take it to

Gideon, of Cadiz." "Ha! You know him? By Aaron's rod! we have met before, master sailor Tresham. fuse me, I will even force her, and carry but I cannot call you to mind. No, no Think not of Gideon. We will trade for the pretty bauble. But I must consult my pray you." And he rose to go.

> thee!" said I. "Must I be waiting in this den all day?' "No," he replied. "'Tis but for a minute. Wait! I will give you something to wait

a gruff voice: "Susannah! Bring a small flask of Lisbon wine. You shall see, Master Tresham." he continued, turning to me, "something vorth waiting for." And he began turning the jewel over in his fingers and gloating

not straight, but waved and crisped on both sides of her face, and low down to her jet black brows; her eyes shone like great limpid stars, and seemed to change color robes, which seemed proper for her, and her little bare feet were stuck into pointed, embroidered slippers, which pattered as she

walked. A most rare beauty! ment. "Susannah." said he, "remain with the Englishman until I return!" Wherewith he would have crept out, and, I believe,

"You take not my diamond with you!" And, all reluctantly, as I could but see, he de-As he went out the beautiful girl glided

"Nay," cried I, clutching his wrist tightly

forward in silence, and, having filled a glass, offered it to me, placing the flask "To your health, my beauty!" cried I.

"And to those bright eyes!" As I spoke of them, down came the long, black lashes upon her cheeks and hid them

I could but sit and stare at such a lovely creature; but she would not speak until drawing out my damond, which I had pocketed, I held it forth, saying, "Here is a fine stone, which I have brought to sell to your father."

Then she raised her eyes and looked at i in terror. "My fader! No. He is no kin. You did show him zat stone? Ah, sir! Beware! He

is-not safe to deal with.' "How mean you?" cried I, starting up "Would the old devil play false?" pounds!" she whispered. "Sailors have no

beeziness with such jewels! He will bring "The devil!" cried I. "Then I will wait | and have sailed away in haste.

no longer." Even as I spoke I heard a clamor of voices at the door. "Fly!" she cried, in a low voice, pointing

through the entrance toward a dark pas-I rushed out the way she pointed, and found a staircase, up which I fled, but had not gained five steps when the fellows

were at my heels. voice cry. Then another, "There a be! For- Kid, the terrible pirate, how that he had garity, it has done so by departing wholly you will have the conditions for a lake ward, lads!" And their steps clattered on the stairs beneath me.

"'Kid' again!" thought I. "But they shall not nab me if I can help it." I gained the first landing and tried a door. but found it locked. I turned to look elsewhere, and spied another some steps away, But the first of the fellows was upon me, and I saw that I must stand on guard. The man was, I doubt not, a sheriff's of-

ficer, and came at me bravely enough with

his drawn weapon, shouting: "Yield, you whoreson cullion of a sailor!" In another moment we were at crossed swords, I on the landing and he one step down, the others below him. I said nothing, but let him shout, being minded to save my breath. With the first pass I saw he was no hand at the sword, so, not wishing for more blood on my soul, I watched my chance, whisked in my point and whipped his weapon out of his hand. It flew over his head and fell clattering among his fellows. Then, while he was all abroad, I fetched him a slap in the face with the flat of my blade, and at the same time seizing his leg nearest me, hoisted him off his feet

and hurled him back upon the others. Then I turned and fled. Finding the other door fast, I mounted the garret stairs, and, having gained the top, came to a little cell under the roof, lighted with a small dormer window, out of which I quickly crept and found myself upon the parapet. Swiftly I fled onward along the roof, and, having gone some twenty paces, turned to look. To my ascustom being among seamen, who are the sight. Again I turned and ran on, think-

A distinctively interesting personality, in more easily caught than your land loup- ing, "I shall 'scape them.' literature and in life, in New York, is Miss I came to the end, and, looking round, Jeannette L. Gilder. Her principal title to public recognition is her editorship, in consaw that, by a bold leap, I could gain a house, which, I suppose, was built the other side of a narrow lane. I did not hesitate, but jumped and fell clattering upon The dirty old Hebrew fixed me with his | the tiles, some of which gave and had let plereing black eyes, which burnt like two | me through, but the rafters held. Climbing "I knows your voice," he said, "but I sight. A little further on I came to a strong, leaden spout, and, thinking, "I can easy descent, and led to a landing on the top of a mullioned window. In an instant | tained is due entirely to her own effort and I was down, and, finding an open casement

ery. Rushing in out of the broad daylight. I could not guess what she was like, but I instantly shouted that I meant no violence, so that she might not alarm the

Her cry broke in upon my speech. "Will Kid!"

'Twas Cicely! Through all these years, and my present

disguise, she knew me. Ah! how sharp ar For it was Love and naught else which take her look.

CHAPTER XVII.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM YE DAY BOOKE OF CICELY GLANVIL. to marry? 'Twas "Cicely, my lass canst find ne'er a lad?" till I was weary of fathprophet sayeth "Man is born to sorrow." Then, what, I pray you, is woman born to? How long is it since I dared to ope thi book? Since then I have in truth a story but mine should ever see these pages, it will ease me to write all down. Firstly, I heard answer in some foreign tongue then, father's new ship never came to land, and the wives of the Brixmouth men, who sailed in her, began to clamor that she must be cast away. Then all a sudden, who should one day appear in haste but her captain, John Darton. We heard his horse as he galloped madly up to the gate, and as we rose to see who it might be in much hurry, he burst in upon us.

"Master Glanvil," he cried, "I bring you bad news and eke good. The ship is taken and sunk by that fell pirate, William Kid! Here I shrieked and interrupted him. "Will Kid!" cries father.

"Ay, sir, none other," answered Darton, 'He came upon us south of the line, and we fought a good fight, but he was too strong for us, and we were forced to yield, But God, in His righteousness, brought his days to an end, for he fell in the action." And here I felt like to faint-O God! even now my heart acheth. Love, for me, is dead But I was impatient, "Pestilence take

> "They landed us," continued Darton, "upon the Spanish coasts, for they spared our lives, and then I determined to retrieve my fortunes ere I returned; and so I have, for I own a better ship than the Cicely Bonaventure, and have brought home with me the worth of herself and freight in gold. which, sir, is yours."

My father greatly marveled at this story. money. He stayed but three days, in which tim

however, he had made his purpose plain, which was his wish to wed me out of hand do? Poor Will dead! Pirate I will ne'er and none else. But he in his ocean grave, what care I how my life be spent! I had

not dis'iked John Darton at one time, and now, in truth, he was very handsome with the sea tan upon him and dressed so brave. My heart was dead. What mattered who And so, being tired out with father's im-

portunity, I yielded and gave my consent. This gained, he left us hurriedly, and it seemed to me as though his countenance showed elation and triumph rather than love or passion. What cared I? He had bromised to be back that day

all trembling-with fear and hesitancy, not act of being given, when a tumult at the church door, and in burst a booted fellow

three weeks, and we were then to be wed.

Came the day and eke the man, and I

with "sailor" writ all over him. "I wants Captain Darton!" be said, loudly. And at the voice my bridegroom turned hastily. He left me-to my shameat the very altar, and strode to where the man waited. A few hurried whispers passed between them, then he came back

"We are wed, sir parson?" he asked, and the reverend man bowed "Then I must away, my pretty," said he Fret not! I will be back to-morrow.' As though I would fret for him! Ah!

poor Will. I fret for thee! Away out of church he marched and ook horse at the inn He hath never returned! And I still a maid, neither wife nor widow.

As yet father hath got ne'er a brass farthing of the promised money. What should we think of all this? As to what ship John Darton commanded he never told us her name, and for his sudden departure we think he must have been

scared by a privateer reported in the offing. Three months later poor father died, and I had none to care for me but Aunt Clarissa, the wife of a hosier of Saint Mary Axe, in London town, to whom I went, and new live in this great city, eating my heart out in solitude. He whom I love being in a watery grave and him to whom I am wedded being I know not where-nor care

Yesterday, scared out of my five wits, for been taken and all his crew, and was to

be tried for his life. What terrible puzzle is this? Yet he liveth! That is joy. And yet, if this report be true, better he were dead. Ah me!

(To be continued next Sunday.) Stray Thoughts.

Grow old along with me; The best is yet to be, The last of life for which the first was made; Our times are in His hand Who saith. "A whole I planned. Youth shows but half, trust God, see all, nor be afraid." -Browning. Still on the lips of all we question

The finger of God's silence lies; Will the lost hands in ours be folded? Will the shut eyelids ever rise? friend! no proof beyond this yearning, This outreach of our hearts, we need; Joi will not mock the hope He giveth; No love He prompts shall vainly plead. -J. G. Whittier. The wisest man could ask no more of fate

Than to be simple, modest, manly, true; Safe from the many, honored by the few o count as naught in world or church or state But inwardly in secret to be great. -James Russell Lowell.

O Time, where hast thou laid

To dwell within thee-an eternal now!

Leslie's Weekly.

My self of yesterday? Where at his tomb I prayed, I come again to pray-'Tis empty! Who has hither strayed And taken him away? Now! It is gone. Our brief hours travel post Each with its thought or deed, its why or how;

> -S. T. Coleridge. The Founder of The Critic.

But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost

junction with her brother, Joseph B. Gilder, of the Critic, the representative-in fact, the sole-purely literary weekly review in America. The Critic was founded by Miss Gilder and her brother some tifteen years ago, and has been always maintained by them, as it is to-day, on a high, conservative, yet liberal plane which has made it the chosen medium of our most eminent writers for their personal and minor communications with the public. It commands the best-equipped staff of book-reviewers in this country. If our influential woman critic lacks a single qualification for her position, it is that she has never had the experience of making a failure in literature. It is but simple justice to Miss Gilder to say that whatever distinction she has atachievement, and not to the fact that she is of a family every one of whose members s prominent in art, letters, or science. For "Jenny" Gilder has been even more a modern newspaper woman than a litterateuse. she started her own paper; and her relation Like her friend, the late Miss Midy Morgan. Miss Gilder took a personal pride in demonstrating that in every branch of le-If the "new journalism" latterly has ad- Now suppose the slope to be just the right was a model wife."

THE JOURNAL Business DIRECTORY

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name she made famous in the annals of the wall and the increased shoaling pro-

privilege, and constitutes a notable leaf in

womanhood at its best, in this end of the

WALLED LAKES IN THE WEST.

The Mysterious Constructions Attrib-

uted to the Action of Ice.

When the Western country was first set-

tled the newcomers, unaccustomed to the

glaciai lakes of the West, were astonished

to find many of them walled along parts of

the shore and some completely about their

borders. These walls are constructed of

the bowlders so common everywhere, laid

dry or bedded with earth, of more or less

regularity, with no regard to the size or

shape of the stones, except that they fit

well and are so placed as to maintain their

equilibrium, that is, stand firm. Several

lakes are known whose shores are thus

walled all around with the mechanical per-

fection belonging to the cyclopian period.

The walls generally have a slope from the

lake, and are banked up with earth on the

land side. This bank frequently has trees

growing on it. All this is very wonderful,

and excited the keenest curiosity among

the early travelers. This curiosity is not

yet dead. Only recently it has questioned

the walls along a part of Elkhart lake and

the subject has got into the local papers

In early university days, when the boys

went in swimming, instead of bathing, in

bowlders from which they were wont to

spring into the water. Some of these were

of tons' weight, some projected above the

water and some were under. The place of

be located over again, having changed posi-

tion during the winter. Weight made no

difference; they all had to move. It was

plain to see that the ice did it, crowding

them shoreward whenever it could reach

the foot of the bluff, they slid or worked

back more or less. In places, however,

When the Milwaukee and Watertown

they were piled on the shore as where uni-

plank road was made it skirted Oconomo-

woc lake near what is now Gifford's. There

was a lake wall there of modest preten-

sions, and this was made part of the bank

holding the roadbed. The next season it

was found that the wall had been shoved

under the roadbed so as to tilt the plank

away from the lake. To a boy of an inquir-

ing turn of mind the whole operation was

The bank there was sloping, quite so; it

The expansion of the ice had done it.

versity drive comes to the beach

with a brief proper explanation.

'woman's century.

Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal.

one's acquaintanceship with American

vanced upon this proposition, and brought angle between these two so that the force people talking in the shop spoke of William | who fairly outrival the coarser sex in vul- the other, and yet not let them fall back,

from the example set by such earnest wall. The stones in this process not rightly balanced will fall one side or the other; About these new features in our journalism Miss Gilder speaks with characteristic | Those falling into the water will have to try again till they are rightly placed and The "about town" associations-if the exremain. Meanwhile the whole structure has pression may be permitted in this applicabeen pushed back till the force and resisttion-of Miss Gilder, as might be expected, ance are equalized, making the bank of are peculiarly intimate in the circles of earth behind, which in turn helps sustain that pleasant "coast of Bohemia" which is the wall. The water should shoal slowly the habitat of artists, musicians, players, so as to bring many rocks within reach the ice. Time, then, only is necessary to dramatic writers and critics, in their hours of ease. One of her dearest friends is build the wall, and the operation will cease Madame Strakosch, better known by the when all the rocks have been worked into

opera-Clara Louise Kellogg. To meet the vides friction enough to check the ice. The critic and the prima donna tete-a-tete at | wall then becomes permanent, and the foran Italian luncheon is a rare and delightful est covers the strange work with its glory. WITH THE PEERS. They Go to Sleep When Speeches Are Made.

> While Lord Castletown-whom Mr. John Daly has specially invoked Providence to preserve-yesterday read out in the House of Peers his typewritten oration on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, the wonder perhaps was not that there were sometimes as many as ten -and never less than six-members all fast asleep, but rather that there were as many as five and twenty apparently wide awake. There is no disguising the fact that the House of Lords is, save on exceptional occasions, as much the chamber of sleep as the House of Commons is the chamber of talk. Wordsworth in order to get off to sleep vainly conjured up some pleasant soporific influences, such as the mumur of noney bees and the gentle pitter-patter of a flock of sheep that leisurely pass by. he had tried to imagine himself in the House of Lords on a particularly quite aft-

ernoon he would surely have dropped off There are some speakers who cannot get on at all without vociferous encouragement from their supporters, and it may be taken for granted that if Sir William Harcourt ends up his career in the House of Lords he will wind it up as a silent member. It is not possible to conceive him speaking by the hour, as Lord Castletown was ready to do vesterday, without now and again turning around to receive a recognition; and to turn round on the Liberal side of the House would be to meet either a splendid and unbroken expanse of red morocco, was found the next season that they had to the correct thing in the House of Lords. and the most that a member may ordinarily expect to receive by way of encouragement is a subdued or drowsy "hear, them. But as the bank there was steep, at town had no less than three "hear, hears" yesterday, when his labors were at length accomplished. They were all saved for the

Was Worth It.

end, and came in a mess, instead of being

interspersed here and there throughout the

Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I want a death certificate!" said an excited individual, rushing into the health office yesterday afternoon. He got it, and was asked for the customary dollar. "What's that?" he exclaimed, looking surprised. "I'll give you 50 cents." "It'll never do," said Secretary Combs. nodding his head. "Couldn't take a penny "Well, here's the \$1," declared the man.

was easy for this great force to slide the "I wouldn't have had her die for five. She